

1487.k 25.

THE

L A W

Corrupted ;

A

SATIRE.

*Corruptissima Respublica, Plurimæ
Leges. Tac. Ann. —*

LONDON

Printed for S. Sturton at the Corner of Gutter-lane
in Cheapside. 1706.

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THE

L A W

Corrupted;



S A T I R E

Corruption, Resignation, &c.
Lager, 1859.

LONDON

Printed for S. Storer at the Corner of Gutter Lane
in Chancery. 1859.

PREFACE.

THE Business of Satire, taken in the restrain'd Sense of the Word in English, is to lash Vice to the Encouragement of Vertue; And to take Notice of Crimes without breaking in upon Persons, unless in things publickly obnoxious. I say publickly: For tho' tis an Action vertuous to make Examples of Vice; yet Reputation is too tender a thing to be insulted by Surmise, and Hearsay. These are Preliminaries uncontestable: And tis upon this Basis the Poet, Author, Scribler or what you please, pretends to build his Design. Slips of Humane Nature He declares to be out of his Purlieu: And like that sort of Game, which the Law distinguishes by *Fera Naturæ*, incapable of his Action of Trespass; Because every Man has a like Property in them with himself, and he with them. The Reader will believe then, that all sorts of *Investives* are not to be allow'd the Title of Satire. Men may rail at an Administration, they cannot get into; and others, the *Beaux* I mean, defame the Fair, they cannot Debauch; and yet neither they come under the Denomination of Satirists, nor their Works of Satires. There ought to be a Justness of Words, as well as Thoughts. In which Invention, as it is the Opposite of Truth, ought to have no Share. After all; it is not unlikely, that the following Lines may meet with some, and Criticks too, who will oppose their Right to the Title they bear. For tho' I should say in its Defence, That the Action is one throughout and not double. That if it lash particulars, it is only en passant, and as they fall in with the Subject: Yet no particular Vertue being inculcated, nor any Precept of Morality dilated on, they will have me to ly a little under their Mercy (how little soever it is) and take it for Pardon, if they allow it a Satire. Yet if they will grant me the Benefit of my Clergy, and permit me to Rejoyn, That Folly and Vice being Scourges, and a sort of Persons, who would appear to the World in any Colours, but those that are Properly their own, lash'd and expos'd;

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The following Lines may yet have some Title Tantamount to what they bear, or at worst stand upon the same Foot with my too Rigid Criticks. However, I hope those Gentlemen will not deny me the Honour of Designing well; so far at least as their own Sentiments are consistent with Honesty, and then Currat Lex. For I would have no Man think, that in Complaining of its Defects, I mean to arraign the whole Body of the Law. Far from that: For I am of Opinion, that even Hobbs himself may be read, and his Reader never the nearer agreeing with him on that Topick. Laws are very Excellent things: And Knaves ought justly to stand in Fear of 'em. And yet it may trouble an Honest Man to see the Use inverted; and the Punishment preceed the Merit. As if It took its Sence from that Whimsical Philosopher, who beat his unoffending Servant, for Fear He should not be at Leisure to chastise Him, when He was Faulty. Nor think, kind Reader, that the Author is so thorough pac'd a Whig to argue against Use from Abuse: Or so compleat a Tory to deduce Vice Versa. If the Law, partly in its self, and much more in the Practice of it, amounts to somewhat like a Nuisance (as a late Treatise not deservedly enough taken Notice of makes plainly out.) It had been an Error of the First Concoction to have slipt an Opportunity, which not only daily Experience, but the Judges themselves had put into my Hands. This very Consideration had almost postpon'd my Design: For I could not but think it the greatest Satire upon the Law, as it will prove upon the Nation, if their good Hits of those Reverend Gentlemen are not taken. Having therefore a Design of Publishing something of this Nature Monthly, I began as you see; Imagining that the greater the Evil, the speedier ought to be the Redress in Publick Calamities; He surely approves himself the best Commonwealths Man, who first lends his Hand. A Redress ought to Alarm none, but Knaves; of which Roll all ought to be deem'd, who get their Bread by the Oppression of Honest Men. Do we admire the Physitian, who tampers with the Body of the Patient to try Conclusions? Or the Surgeon, who improves the Sore of the Cripple for Experiments sake? Less sure should those Men have our Commendation, who pervert the Use of the Law, to the Ruine of the Honest part of the Nation for their particular Advantage. No doubt a Wise and Family are to be maintain'd by the Principles of Christianity and Morality; but in the Methods, that some of

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the Fraternity of this Noble Science use, I believe the Truth would put it out in Question, that the High way Science were the more justifiable of the Two. It's too true, I am afraid that the like Encouragement for their Discovery, might beggar the Nation; To which I will only Answer, if it were so, it would be only changing the Method: For the Means are more certain one way than another, if not taken care of in time. It was not in the Body of the Poem, either convenient or Poetical, to give more then some few Publick Hints of the Burden the Nation lies under from these Men. But whenever Authority or Opportunity commands; the just and plain Detail will be made out to appear as visible as the Sun in his Meridian. But methinks I see a young Spark, no matter of what Inn, with a grave Front stoll'n by his Breeding Mother, from some of his Essex Kindred, conceal'd in a long Wigg, very happily in Respect to some Modern Defects towards his Middle Region, and arm'd with a Sagacious Cane, elegantly express'd upon his Button, who strutting up to the Bookseller (the Suppository of his Chamber not his Brain) demands the Name of the Pitiful Scribler. No Action I beseech you, my Dear Vilitigator: But for Peace sake accept for Answer, in thy own Future Dialect, it may be Jonny Nokes, or Jonny Stiles. But I need not barr Actions; Since like decoy Ducks, they are generally too Wise to take the Snare, they draw others into: And rarely trouble themselves to Sue, where Costs wont pay Damages. Let them therefore stay till that one Defect of the Law here complain'd of is remedied, and then ———. What then? Here are no Names. No particular Persons; unless they can form 'em out of the Consonant Kind, the Ps. and Bs. and so forth.

Naughty People may make Naughty Applications; as Vicious Stomachs turn the best Food to Flegme: But this is no Fault of the Food, but the Constitution. Yet so far I will confess, that if any of those Great Letter'd Gentlemen chance to be guest as meant; they will be found too Great for any Single Letter to Decypher, unless it be that which is hardly dem'd big enough now for the Old Bailly. But according to the Laudable Custom of Prefacing, one Word afore we part, as to the Poetry. Why truly the Criticks, its likely, may allow nothing, and therefore I'll say nothing: But throw my self intirely upon the
Mercy

PREFACE.

Mercy of a Reasonable Jury. Satire was never design'd to please every Body, and those who fall under its Lash least of any. If there be a good Natur'd few, who will bate a great deal for the sake of Truth, and somewhat for the good Intention; They are the Umpires I would Honestly choose to necessitate the Lawyer to plead his own Cause in Forma Pauperis. But if I am deceiv'd even in this Expectation, it will be no Surprise upon me, being certain of this Other, That as long as the Bookseller and I agree; the World and I are like to do otherwise.

James D. J.

1744

TO

My dear People may make many applications; as for our Stomachs, we are the best Food to please; But this is no Part of the Food, but the Constitution. Let us for I will confess, that if any of these Great British Gentlemen should to be given as meat; they will be found too Great for any single Letter to describe, unless it be that which is hardly good for enough now for the Old Days. But according to the Indolent Custom of Prefacing, one Word more we put, as to the Poetry. Why truly the Critics, it is likely may allow nothing, and therefore I'll say nothing: But those who will not be upon the

Unwholome Lark by cleaving the morn'g pure,
 Weas chook the kindly seen, the careful swain

Relieve the fleeing Crop with pious pains
 Thus the RAVAN LARK, stand for the Nations Weal,

TO THE

Sucking the Vital, should still
 Calls for THY Wisdom, certain of THY Will.

Since what our Edward, of the Woman meant

Our Blessing, poysons all our bliss Content:

I like our wife Afford the vast Stock reduced

QUEEN
 And make the Glass superior to the Code,
 And make it to its meaning for US

So courtst Weas chook, while themselves they sow,

With fallall plenty All that round can grow.

Pleadings, Reports, opprest the labring Fels,

And Vexs commended on grow fatmoules.

SEED *Diidne, by Iscar, as great SOWER sown!*
 (And greater never Grace'd Great Britains Throne)

Thy Peoples *Weld* to much thy Princely Care,

The meanest of thy People *Dang* to hear,

Who offers *Greviance* for a Royal Ear,

The Cohn Reduced, One weightier Task remains,

Reserv'd by Fate for *THESE* from former Reigns,

Embrace the *Bounty*: Since thy Glorie's great

Drop nothing *Good* to render *Thy* complet.

As Mercy rules, let thy known Justice *Avow*,

And with thy Own Success reform the *LAW*,

Trees, ran to Wood, the prudent *Gard'ers* prune,

And useful *Lopps* make fruitful the *Jejune*.

Unwholesome *Lakes* by cleansing are made pure,
 And *Nature*, as *She* loves, rewards the *Cure*.
Weeds choak the kindli'st *Seed*; 'till careful *Swains*
 Retrieve the fleeting *Crop* with pious pains.
 Thus the *RANK LAW*, fram'd for the Nations Weal,
 Sucking the Vital *Juice*, it should distil,
 Calls for *THY* Wisdom, certain of *THY* Will.
 Since what our *Edward*, or the *Norman* meant
 Our Blessing, poysons all our blest Content :
 Like our wise *Alfred* the vast Stock reduce,
 And make it to its meaning fit for Use.
Tribonian Tricks, now scorn the beaten road ;
 And make the *Gloss* superiour to the *Code*.
 So courtest *Weeds* choak, while themselves they sow,
 With fatall plenty *All*, that round 'em grow.
Pleadings, *Reports*, oppress the lab'ring *Press*,
 And *Texts* commented on grow fathomless.
Cases are paraphras'd their *Sense* to hide,
 And where *Five* guests, now *Four* of them are wide.
 So much the *Gownmen* boast the *Optick* Skill,
 They microscribe; or magnify at Will,
 Old *Littleton*, within his silent Tomb,
 Sweats, and repines to think the *Text* his own.
 And *Coke*, bedawb'd with *Cotta's* jingling Tounge,
 Scarce keeps the Grave to deprecate the wrong.
 For why ! *Forensial* *Bessus* holds the *Text*
 Safest, and most *Divine* when most perplext.
 Thence *Tropes*, and *Figures* vitiate *Oral* *Hole*,
 And contraries grow reconcil'd by Rule.

With

With empty Words the florid Praters jarr;
 And Truth and Honesty make open war,
 The *JUDGE* himself, whose single Sence suspends
 The wisest Acts, made for the wisest Ends,
 Stands Planet struck, and lays the blame on *Fate*;
 That Errour made the consequence of Prate.
 Hard state of Justice! harder state of Right!
 Compell'd to wander by a vapour Light!
 He thinks them honest, honest Men think mad,
 And ends the Verdict with a grave *O Sad!*
 The guardian *Twelve*, that *Barrier* of our *Laws*,
 (And boasted, if the *Law* were plain, with Cause)
 As much confounded, as the Judge, dispute;
 And hunger hardly helps their *Reason* out.

In this Distress can *Stentor's* throat avail:
 Tho' Thunder like, 'twould turn the strongest *Ale*?
 Or does not *Drom*, while he banters Sence,
 Reduce the *Pandeets* to *Impertinence*?
 While furious *Scribble*, fond of his extream,
 Allows his *Clients* words to dawb a Ream:
 Abusive, as if lab'ring to translate
 His Rules of *Court* from copious *Billingsgate*,
 (No *French Dragoon* ecstatick with Success
 Hears his *desponding Foe*, or minds him less.)
 Why prostitutes the *Court* its sacred *Ear*:
 But that the Lawyer pleads Prescription *there*?

Or tell me *YOU*, who would our *Plaints* confute,
 Why is the *Innocent* compell'd to *Suit*:
 Forc'd to *Defence*, a Criminal if *Mute*?

His

His wealth *He* spends, a *Looser* and a *Drudge* :
 Yet hardly moves the pity of his *Judge*.
 Or pity mov'd, what more can he receive ;
 While hands erect, and Eyes, that strike and grieve,
 Are all the poor amends the *Best* can give ?
 No ! bring your *Action*, says the gracious *Court* :
 And search *Retorts*, You'll find a Reason for't.
 Thus *Trincalo* did Justice in his chair,
 And one *Heir* slain, Decreed a future *Heir*.
 But ah ! the Wretch, that tri'd the Trick before,
 Would surely lose his Coat ere venture more.

Mark how *Holl Cloatis* manages his *Cause* :
 His *Purse* his wife Defender, not the *Laws*.
Verdict on *Verdict* nothing cools his *Zeal*,
 And new *Detours* bring but a fresh *Appeal*.
 The Reason ask, the *Wretch* will straight reply,
 The *Poor Defendant* must compound or die.
 Revenge is prodigal, inverting *Right*,
 And *Money* not so facted is as *Spight*.
 Urge not the humour, least you move our *Scorn*.
 Should *Impious* Men oppress without return ?
 Besides remark, a *Form*, informed by *Hell*,
 Tipping his *Elbow*, tells him all goes well.
 Divine *Tigellius* ! *Laws* most genuine prop,
 His *Nations* and *Centions* eldest hope,
 Buys with *Law Shams* th' Imperious *Cully* up.
 Th' Imperious *Cully* sucks th' infectious breath,
 And kindly vows the poor *Defendants* Death.

His

Thrive

Thrive must the *Cause*, that thence its strength derives;
 No wheel can stop when fierce *Tigellius* drives.
 Sham *Pleas* and odd *Demurres* shew'd in Court,
 (For *Gain* will all that's Infamous Support)
 One miserable *Motery* devour,
 And the fee'd *Lawyer* makes the *Rest* secure.
 Thus *Pismires*, with less pestilential Pow'rs,
 Throw up our walks, and eat our fairest flowers;
 Then by *Law* *Logick* justify the theft,
 By what they wanted, more than what they left.
 Or if one feeble *Modicum* remains,
 The poor *Defendant* thrift; but not his gains:
 To *Equity* th' infamous *Plaintiffs* lies,
 And *Equity*, like *Nature*, open lies.
 There *Good* and *Bad* implore and have Support,
 But there are twenty Friends besides the *One* in Court.
 Why else with new *Petitions* are the *Wretches*
 Pester'd, until Essentially oppress?
 Why boasts litigious *Patch* with monstrous Zeal,
 Years three times three I'll make them wait my *Will*?
 Methods of Court shall keep my *Will* out
 And necessary *Quirks* protect the *Suit*:
 'Till the poor *Wretch*, who struggles for his *Right*,
 In Jail lie's mortgag'd for his *Lawyers* *Will*.
 Motions on *Motions* Order'd and *Refus'd*
 (As fair *Anchorages* for *Sails* prepar'd)
 Give to the *Cause* the *Gulf* and *Whirl*,
 And only leave the *Bottom* their *Decree*.
 What boots it then the *High* *Principles* to name?
 The Thoughts of *Heaven* add, to the Damned, *Pain*.

For Grant it true, who could expect a Cure:
Physick's too late the *Corps* was starv'd before?
 An *Age* in our *Law Lottery* was spent,
 And dam'd the *Sinner*, e're he could repent.
 Damn'd *Him*; for so, alas, our *Laws* provide,
 Because he'd nought, but *Right*, to take *His side*.
 Thence cheated by a *Shooing-horn* of *Words*,
 The dangling *Corps*, *Memento* scarce affords.
 Have we not seen a *Kitten* with her *Mouse*,
 Wanton, and rioting around the house?
Puss gives a loose, not fearing loss of *Prey*;
Clients are *Mice*, the trusty *Mousers* They.
 All righteous now the good *Mans Cause* appears:
 Yet wait next *Term* the *Verdict* goes on theirs.
 Have *Patience* and the needful *Pence* procure,
 And they'll disgorge all they had got before,
 So says the *Juggler*: but his *Client* finds
 More certainty in Seas, more faith in Winds.

JOVE! would'st Thou curse the Land, and make it sure,
 Send our *Law Locusts* to the *Gallick* shoar.
 Send our ill boasted *Code* for them to rend,
 And bid 'em back their *Princes* pleasure send
 One *Tyger* may be fated: but no room
 Remains to hope, that *Thousands* wont consume.
 By *Prædicie* aw'd, and by their *Inter'st* brib'd,
 Our C——s themselves must truckle, thus proscrib'd.
 From potent *Secretary* to conclusive *Kaich*,
 They safe *dispatch* US giving no *dispatch*.

In vain the honest *JUDGE* bestows his Pow'r:
 The Evil's too advanc'd for him to cure.
 Fresh *Orders* only make the *Bar-men* sport,
 Who cheat by *Rule* and plead *Prescription* for't.

Tell me what Fate, Oh Muse, what Death should be
 A Poscript to the Wise-Man's *Litany*?
 Plague, Battle, Murder are already there:
 Yet *Lawyers* make no Portion of the Pray'r.
 Heav'n, must I have a Foe, and may I Curse,
 Thus would I wish, could Hell it's self with worse;
 Let him to Pr—— for an Attorney trust,
 And let him sue till P—— could be just.
 For Mercy let him B—— dispatches wait:
 Or if *Alli'd* contend with B—— hate.
 With W—— Infant Judgment be he blest;
 As much a Kn——, and Fool beyond the Rest.
 But let me, Oh! ye Pow'rs, this Pray'r advance:
 Defend all honest Men
 From so much Villany, and Ignorance.
 The sly *Jackall* waits for the slime of Prey,
 And *Batt Ægyptick* picks the Teeth, but they,
 Like Death, and Pestilence, sweep all away.
 The easie Clients, dreaming Storms are high,
 To their assistance (vain *Asylum*) Flie.
 So Sheep in Bryars seek shelter from the Wind,
 Compel'd to leave Fleece, Skin and all behind.
 Thence bulky B—— (O vile mistake) is drawn,
 Each Execution Term in Coach and four to Town.

Fat are his Beasts like Pharaoh's better Kine,
 And Fat they'd need to be, who tug at him,
 The Thrift of *Widows*, and the *Vice* of *Heirs*,
 The greater *Brute* their *Masters* food, and *theirs*.

Why name we Singulars ? survey the Isle.
 If any noble *Seat*, or venerable *Pile*
 Obstruct your *Prospect*, or divert your *Eye*,
 Some latent *Seeds* of *Law* incumbent lie.
 Not *His* in present, yet corroding Time
 Prepares the Seals for *His*, if not for *Him*.
 Search we from *East* to *West* ; or *North* to *South* ;
 Envy acknowledges this fatal Truth.
 Envy the pow'r of falsehoods self defies ;
 If in the *North* we circumvolve our Eyes.
 Scarce shines a Fabrick there, that Grandeur wears ;
 But what R—— *Lawyer* in *Field* *Argent* bears.
 O Noble *Blazon* ! what could *Satan* mean
 To place a *Parson* in the *Field* between ?
 A *Sable* Honour ill with *Argent* suits :
 Take off the *Band* and give the *Apostle* Boots.
Jure Divino then shall stamp their *Bills* :
 When *Doctors* forge *Aquittances* and *Wills*.
 What says the *Law* ? 'Tis safely on his side :
 The *Lawyers* all are made his own, if tri'd.
 So in a forward Spring, a swarm of Flies,
 By curfed Seed, the hopefull Crop destroys.
 O like the *Flies*, Be their untimely *Fate* :
 Choakt with their *Theft*, or murder'd with their *Weight*.

Perjury and Forgery (Scandal to our Times)
 Are but the *Laws* and *Lawyers* Venial Crimes;
 Bought off with half the Bribe, such Fools are they
 Who, breaking Locks, or on the King's High-way,
 Serve their harsh Lord the *Dev'l*, for Quarters pay.

But Rogue apart; for 'twere too foul to ask
 That Majesty assume a Scoundrel Task;
 A Task scarce fit for those who Scow'r our ways,
 A Task the, Augean Labourers Disgrace;
 Let lesser Ills subside, extend *THY* Ear,
 And let the Goutly Science have thy Care,
 A Grievance worthy such a *QUEEN* to hear.
 Lost by its Branches, (as the greedy Sea
 Sucks, not to Sate it self, whole Rivers dry)
 The Tale of Nile, is now no Fable made;
 For no Discoverer can find a Head.
 To Interest fold the Captains of the Tribe
 Set up false Lights to lead the Sailor wide.
 Or Greezy Butcher like, in Essex Loyn,
 Stuff filthy Clouts to make it large and fine.
 Science, and its Professors thus deprav'd,
 Should, for our wants, tho not their worth be sav'd.
 Starv'd Orphans here, with lifted Hands Implore,
 And Heirs, that, tatter'd, beg from door to door.
 Poor Honesty, poor by defect of Law,
 With sad Assent awaites *THY* pitions Brow;
 And thinks, (hard Fate!) till then, her Fate too slow.
 The gasping Land for Sacrifice design'd,
 O Thou, alike the Joy of Humane kind,

With *Rome's* Lov'd *Titus* purge the thneatning Sore,
 And drive our Drowes of Locusts from the Shoar.
Picts, *Scots*, nor *Danes* did yet such Fate afford;
 The Pettifogger's Tongue out-does the Sword;
 That kindly gives us *Death* the nearest way;

But those excoriate, before they slay,
 From Limb to Limb they hunt the tortur'd Soul,
 And leave it nothing, but its Torments whole;
 Till for Redress (no Sanctuary within)
 It begs *French* Mercy, or the Jesuite Spleen.
 War, Fire, or Pestilence, the worst of three,
 Less Terror strike, O Tyrant Law, than Thee.

But how should better Fate Mankind attend,
 While the Law-Tinker is employ'd to Mend?
 Do Knavish States-Men their own Cheats detect?
 Or Pensioners get Places by Neglect?
 Should Tennants Leases? Misers Contracts draw?
 Then let the Lawyer scarrifie the Law.
 He knows the Statute, where 'tis wisely said;
 No Tradesman can Indent to quit his Trade;
 And gain his Trade, and Interest all his Aim,
 Laws callow are his Vertue, not his Shame.
 Were all like *Horfa* blindly Innocent,
 (For Nature better then his Parents meant)
 The Land might happy be, its People free;
 For Tropick Birds more thoughtful are than He.
 In wast of Gilded Reams his Shelves are lost,
 Adorn'd with Cobwebs, or conserv'd in Dust;

We there commend his Prudence, and his Pain:
 For who Sow's Barren Ground with kindly Grain?
 But *Horsa* to his Gain prefers his Ease,
 And only loves the Quarry as it flies.
 Ah happy *England*! were each goodly Inn
 Endow'd with such contented Souls as him.
 Vice, little Practis'd, should to Vertue yield;
 And Rooks and Vultures find an empty Field.
 Deserted Knavery should Protection want,
 And None ask more than Honesty could grant.

Yet some Redress, to **THY** known Vertue's Just,
 O! ALL of humane Goodness hope we must,
 Such Wounds thy People can no longer bear;
 Nor **THOU** for them, so pious is **THY** Care.
 Such Agonies become **THEE** well to Hear,
 In **THY** Affections, neither wanting Place,
 Both *Rich* and *Poor* are Suppliants to **THY** Grace.

Consult **THY** ablest Ministers of State;
 And *Thou*, O **QUEEN**, Improve the grand Debater
THY own **GODOLPHIN** ask, whose pious Care
 Has eas'd, and carry'd on a Glorious War;
 Extending, with a safe and steady Hand,
 The shrinking Sinews of a jealous Land:
 Ask Him the **HOW**: He, who the State Retriev'd,
 Best may be ask'd, and safest be believ'd.

To Him let **DONAWERT** in Counsel join
 And be in Arts, as well as Arms Divine.

'Tis a State *Hydra*, and will ask for more
 Than they, or that *Apollo* bore before.
 Long Coifs and daggled Gowns may all oppose :
 But what are Those, when found Thy People's Foes?
 Minds generous grow not by opposing Weak :
 Don't Difficulties moft the Heroe fpeak?
 The Stable fcur'd, employ'd the Poet's Thought,
 As much as when the Monster-Killer Fought.

Art *THOU*, or Those, immerg'd in Foreign Care,
 (And who, but *Atlas*, cou'd fustain the Sphear?
 Or what more Grateful to the Great and Beft,
 Then Raifing up the Injur'd and Oppress?
 And Royal Wrongs firft pierce a Royal Breaft.)
 Yet to thy Glory, and thy People, Kind;
 Let Prudent *PEMBROOK* know thy God-like Mind,
 None fooner to the Ill a Remedy will find;
 Urg'd by his *Duty*, and his *Countries* Love,
 His folid Judgment will the Mifts remove.
 Throw by the Dross; Refine the fubtle Oar,
 Till like the limpid Fountain it be pure.
 Double the long'd-for Bleffing by difpatch,
 And *Argus* like the Golden Treasure watch.
 No Intereft, lefs than Publick, dares intrude,
 A Breaft fo tender of the Publick Good.
 A Brain fo conftituted to Reform;
 Points Him the Man to weather out the Storm.
 And may we guefs at Fabricks by the Dome,
 Whom could the Arts prefer? the Mufes whom?
 'Tis Wifdom's Motto; firft to know, at Home.

None may preceed. And yet if *HOLT* We join,
 Who fears a *Code* that's *Secondly* Divine ?
 The *Muse* recants, soon as She hears *Him* nam'd ;
 And stands at once *Astonish'd* and *Asham'd*.
 Such sure was *Coke*, such Pious *Hales*, and *HE*
 Stands up, the *Greatest* of the *Mighty Three*,
 To prove how *Just*, how *Wise* a *Judge* should be.
 No *useless Dulness* took *Him* from the *Barr* :
Merit, like *Nature's* Voice, said there ; *Prefer*.
 None more than He crafts private *purlieus* sees :
 None sees 'em more, nor cares to see 'em less.
 With *Native* *Courage* oft th'impetuous *Tide*,
 His *Naked Breast* has dash'd on either *side* :
 Taught *Pick-purse* *Rules* of *Court* to waite on *Right*,
 And kept the *Honest* always safe in *Sight*.
 Perhaps Old *Dromo* thence a *Foe* was made ;
Dromo, who to the *Use* preferr'd the *Trade*.
 What matters that ? If *Fortitude* may give
 Strength to the *Wrong'd* ; and bid the *Injur'd* live :
 But ah ! The leaky *Vessel* who can *Guide* ?
 The strongest *Arm* must truckle to the *Tide*.
THOU only, half *Divine*, with *Sacred* *Aw*,
 Mayst nod, and stop the *Torrent* of the *Law*.
 Assist *HIS* great *Endeavours* to procure
 That speedy *Issue*, which we all implore.

Exert *THY* Pow'r ; Outdo the Glorious *MAID*.
 And call the Nations *Guardians* to thy Aid.

Wise to amend, and eager to Redress;
THY Peoples Choice will seek *THY* Peoples Peace.
 Strengthen their Fence; and where 'tis Dark explain:
 The Grievance cure, and yet the Code maintain.
 What should we fear? Or why distrust our Fame?
 Did *Alfred* less, yet *Edward* did the same.
 Digested well the Anasarcous Text:
 Cast out the Bad, and modell'd the Perplext.
 They foremost stand in Fames Eternal Roll;
 As great our Need, can our Attempt be foul?
 Few *Laws* are best, say *Roman* Statesmen true;
 And *Athens* flourish'd in Her happy few:
 But *Rome*, and *Athens*, as the Snow-ball grew,
 Found, to their Cost, ill Fortune did so too.
 Litigious Brawles, the Brat of Gain, afford
 An easy Inroad to a Conquerous Sword.
 Far be the Omen — Truth and Native Right,
 In *THEE*, the Nations Glory and Delight,
THY Peoples Guardians stand: As they stand sworn
 To make their fair *Maintainer* just Return.
 Against *THY* bold Opponents to Assert
 A Right unquestion'd, and an *English Heart*.
 O! Bless their willing Duty with thy Care,
 And End their *Law Destructions* with the War.
 Many or few, be all the *Laws* too plain
 That Villain Practicers to render vain.
 Truth then, not Trick, shall ward Almighty Rage;
 And *THEOU* stand *Queen* and *Prophet* to the Age.

Zeal

Zeal stopp'd of Old Heav'n's first destroying Storm ;
 When *Phineas* did by speedy Fate Reform.
THY Sacred Hands unstain'd, shall, in this Cure,
 Find his Advantage ; and the Blessings more.

Why shoud the Muse with Flowing Eyes repeat
 Fresh Evils ? Sure the Catalogue's too great,
 Where Mercy such as *THINE*'s prepar'd to meet.
 Nor ask We Vengeance : All we now implore
 Is, what Wise Surgeons give so rank a Sore.
 Nor can their Numerous Off-spring Merit thought,
 If Use or Danger to the Bar be brought :
 The *Hornet's* Nest is for Destruction sought.
 What tender Sor, with overladen Eyes,
 Beholds the Approaching Fate of Wasps and Flies ?
 Mercy turns Lawyer, when our Hearts become
 Pleaders for Vice : The Crimes too are our own.
 No Man my hate ; Yet should I basely see
 My Country worri'd, and the Currs go free ?
 The meanest Sailor, when he spies a Storm,
 Cries out ; and straight the Master cries, Reform.
 Steddy's the Word : That doubles all their Care.
 Shall we be careless, when our Ruine's near ?
 When Iron rusts, the VVorkman takes the File :
 For Rust would else corrode the Finest Steel.
 The Rusty Courts no less *THY* Care require
 If useful made to *THINE* and our Desire.

By Fatal Branches those Exhaust our Juice ;
 Like Suckers in their Nature, Work, and Use.
 The Fertile Soil adds to their Vicious Store ;
 And what the Tree should Nourish, makes it Poor.
 Thus Taylors, Lawyers turn ; and Priests of Gain
 Mend their own Fate by that of Honest Men.
 When Law and Right were one, 'twas Time and Care
 Made Merit first, and gave at last the Chair.
 No Beardless Youth, assum'd the Prætors Pow'r,
 No Hairs, that Venerable Dulness wore,
 Told the Sage Benchers, what they knew before.
 Hales bit his Thumbs, and read, and bit again,
 And thought the Honest Knowledge ask'd the Pain,
 Less Labour had attain'd to the Abuse :
 But He the Profit sought not, but the Use.
 Yet now so obvious lies the Oar, so plain ;
 'Tis the Rich spoil of e'ry Show'r of Rain :
 Without the Cost of Study Skips attain.
 Inspir'd like Delphos, to the Tripods rise,
 And make, Heav'n knows, just such abstruse Decrees.
 What Issues ? Charge and toil to the Opprest
 In just Appeals ; that yet Devour the Best.
 Thence Sacred Gains (Ambition so allures)
 Force us up Foot-pads from our Common Shoars.

Leave, said a Fidler to his Forward Son,
 Leave this Profession, thredbare, tho' my own.

Let

Let G - - - play the Antick, and the Knave,
 By Fidlers Fraud a Competence to save.
 To Learnings Fountain thou, my Son apply:
 A readier Road to rise then *Industry*.
 Short Commons there shall clarify thy Brain;
 And Leaden Slumbers lead Thee to the Chain:
 No matter how thy Morning Minutes fly;
 Nor whether East or West thy Chambers ly.
 Large Chambers in *Greys-Inn* the want of Sence
 Supply: Where Science is but Impudence.
 He there, that knowing is, must *seem* to know;
 And prance like Asses, tho' by Nature slow.

Next, Honesty abjure; whose stupid Rule,
 Must show the Pauper, and comment the Fool.
 And Gratitude, which, like a Canker Worm,
 Will Eat thy Heart out, must be next forsworn.
 For *Bracton* Search, or all that after came,
 Thou'lt neither find their Nature, Use, or Name.
 But Piety, so far as meer Pretence,
 Will well explain thy Study, and thy Sence.
 'Tis Natur's Blind. By that wise Mistress taught,
 Men may be Sav'd, and not do what They ought.
 Statesmen and Cits, tho' full of better Sence,
 Pretend to this, and thrive by the Pretence.

But of all Plagues, that may our Hopes destroy,
 Take care to lay that Idol, *Conscience*, by.

Conscience, that never yet its Votary fail'd,
 First to bring low, and then to leave him jail'd.
 'Tis Witchcraft ; 'Tis Idolatry, or what
 Councils have *Maranath'd*, or forgot.
 Survey the World ; Let Practice there explain :
 Did ever Prudent Creature cheat in vain ?
 Can Dirt bespatter Rich, tho' open Vice ?
 Or is there Vice, a Golden Chain the Price ?
 See, how the Swans bask on the Silver Thames,
 Pleas'd, and diverted, with it o'er them rains :
 For well they know, that not one Drop remains.
 So prosperous Vice, when it expands its Wings,
 Finds all the Praise, and none the *Satire* sings.

Nor let the Cause, tho' Black, affect thy Trade :
 Not that for Thee, 'T'hou for the Cause wast made.
 Nor Scruple, tho' a Malefactor Fee ;
 Look at the Gift, and not the Giver He.
 If at one time contending Fools you find,
 One Hand before should be, and One behind.
 Useful this Rule has been to not a few :
 For why did Nature otherwise give Two ?
~~Oh~~ thy greater Merit should *Calcine*,
 And make Thy Adversaries Client *Thine*,
 Barter a Term : But first secure the Coin.
 Fools only Do for nothing : Acts of Grace
 Are such as bear the *Angel* in the Face :
 Leave pauper Causes to the pauper Race.

Draw Widdows into Bonds, and Lend to Heirs;
 Thine all the Gain, and all the Torment theirs.
 But when their Credit lets, and Pockets fail,
 Lend not a Groat, altho' to send to Jail.
 Can Charity within the Contest come,
 Which, as the Proverb says, begins at home?
 No! Let both Heir, and Widdow starve e'er trust,
 To what thy least Advantage finds unjust.

Next, To pursue where Interest shows the way,
 A pair of Bull-Dog Bailiffs hold in Pay:
 Bear-Garden Currs less Profit yeild than they.
 With their Encroachments those will bleachen thine,
 And turn, without a Miracle Divine,
 Thy *Ill corrected* Water into Wine.
 This Trick the Punies of the Trade have found,
 Worth more than half the rest by many a Pound.
 When something of a Glorious Villains part,
 Has Glar'd, and almost made th' Attorney start;
 These, with reproachful Impudence, have dar'd,
 And neither Court, nor Sanctuary spar'd.
 For pay them well, (and well they will be paid)
 The Rogues would Property it self invade.
 Attaque St. Stevens, or Arrest a Lord
 Just sweating from the House, or Council Board.
 No Matter what, or whether there be Crime:
 Gold is the *Primum Mob* of their Design.
 For Gold they'll neither Friend, nor Vertue spare (care.
 Heav'n, were it in their Thoughts, would scarce have half the

S—— or F—— will there Compassion show;
 Which *Honest* Men had never Luck to know.
 Besides your Rigours only change the Tool;
 And while you prove the Villain, take the Fool:
 Thus Bull-Doggs flesh, altho' they kill the Beast,
 Are by their Masters guarded and carest.

Have These; and with a true Attorney back'd,
 What daggled *Barrister*, but S——, e'er lack'd:
 H—— might keep his Coach, as well as Mifs;
 And S—— buy his borrow'd Rooms by This.
 C——; ever part with These, would keep his Word,
 And take his *Unill'd* Spouse to Bed and Board.
 Nor let his Faith, to *Legal* Strumpet giv'n,
 Postpone the Troth, He made to Spouse and Heav'n.

But these all *Venial* Peccadillos are;
 (For none that know the Law can ever err)
 Mind Thou, my Son, the weightier *Maxims* near,
 And since Wise Nature has to All assign'd,
 A Precept of Continuance of kind;
 Take Care, the Bounteous Law may never want
 A Race, that may the Dying Race supplant.
 Survey her Works. The Fly, that Yearly Dies,
 Takes Care to leave a Nest for Future Flies.
 The Winter past, raw from their Holes they creep;
 But soon arrive in every Dish to sip.

The

The *Phoenix*, if the parallel may bear,
 And bear it will in its preserving care,
 Prepares near Death her *Aromatick* Urn,
 Sure, tho' unseen, her Offspring will return.
 The *Phoenix* Thou, tho' not alike confin'd,
 Like Insects rather, multiply thy kind,
 That future Times, without Law phrase, may say;
 Behold ! a *Locust* Cloud, that darkens Day.

O Royal *MISTRESS* ! *Europe's* last Relief !
France brought to Reason, do not slight our Grief.
 The *Locust* Race already glooms the Land :
 But, their Encrease is Fate at nearest hand.
 Lott'ries Expung'd ; O, make the Law Replete ;
 As much a Lottery, and more a Cheat.
 To Pristine Use let it keep Knaves in awe,
 But let not Knaves brood Knavery by Law.
Weavers, a Nuisance grown, had Publick Care,
 No Prov'd Exorbitance, no bubbled Heir,
 'Twas fear'd Encrease of Poverty and Need,
 Caus'd the Wise Stare to Circumscribe the Breed.

This may in part ~~and but in part~~, Relieve ;
 Where the hard Text's too strong for sence to cleave.
 Puzzled with *Glosses* of a *Runick* Style,
 And distant every one at least a Mile.
 Thence, tho' the *publick* Good were first design'd,
 The publick Evil in effect we find :
 While three in four leave what was meant behind.

But where both *Judge* and *Jury* are in *Dark*;
The Mischief's too invidious to remark,
But THY sage *Brain*, by its known *Guardian* led,
Will find a means to purge this monstrous *Head*;
Whose Tumour robs so fast each famish'd part,
Scarce juice enough Remains to feed the *Heart*.

Take *Pity* then, thy own *BRITANIA* prays,
And Gize THY harrass'd *People* some *Redress*.
Then *Deathless Annals* shall THY *Glory* stand,
And tell, how more than *All THOU* sav'dst the *Land*.
While future *Ages* will preserve *Entire*
A *CODE* that *ALL* shall *Follow* or *Admire*.

As much a *foe*, and more a *cheat*
To *Justice* as he is to *Knave* in awe,
But let not *Knave* breed *Knave* by *Law*.
Where a *Nation* grown, had *Publick* Care,
No *Prov'd* *Exorbitance*, no *dupled* *Heir*;
Twas fear'd *franchise* of *Poverty* and *Need*,
Gave the *Wile* *State* to *Circumscribe* the *Breed*.

This was in *fact* and in *Relieve*;
Where the *hard* *Tax* too strong for *force* to *cleave*.

Puzzled with *Gloves* of a *Style*,
And distant every one a *Mill*.



Thence, who the *publick* *Good* were first design'd.

The *publick* *Evil* in effect we find:

While those in *four* leave what was meant behind.